

Serving Daddy

by Devin Brees

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Serving Daddy

DADDY AND I HAVE been on our own for three years, and in all of that time, I never saw him even look at another woman. I always assumed that he hadn't gotten over mom leaving him, and I could tell that he was sexually frustrated.

I tried to get him to go out on dates, but he always said that it wasn't the right time. I had no idea how I could convince him to get the relief he needed.

Then my new friend showed me how I should be serving daddy.

It started a few months ago. I met Meagan at Big Burger. She was a new hire and I was training her to work the drive-thru, and I immediately took a liking to her.

She's observant and curious, and a little bit flirty. She showed me how easy it was to get all of the soccer dads in the drive-thru drooling with excitement. She had this way of pursing her beautiful lips and allowing thin strands of her sooty black hair to dangle in front of her come-hither eyes.

I'm also pretty sure that it helped that she had incredibly big tits.

The t-shirts that they give us to wear at Big Burger are not very flattering, but she is tall and slim and her two colossal spheres flatteringly filled out her top.

We had so much fun, and I invited her back to my house to hang out after work.

"You have a lot of cute dresses," she said, looking through my closet.

"I'm lucky that daddy likes to buy them for me," I said.

"You must be very close to him."

"He's amazing! I just wish I could get him to date again. He still takes mom leaving us pretty hard," I said. "I've tried to push him to get back out there, but he never seems interested."

"Maybe *he's* not the one who needs a push," she said, holding up a diminutive yellow mini-dress, one of the many gorgeous party dresses that he added to my wardrobe without notice. This one still had the store tag attached.

"What are you getting at?" I said.

"Let him see you in this dress," she said.

Perhaps I was dense or naïve, or I didn't really want to think about what Meagan was implying, but after I put on the dress, we went downstairs where she put me on display for daddy.

The dress was short and snug around my waist and it showed-off all of my thighs. The top of the dress was strapless, and I didn't put on a bra, so it was as if my ripe round tits and protruding nipples were on full display for him.

He was sitting on the couch, watching a game on television when my smooth curves caught his attention.

“Does she ever wear the dresses you buy her?” Meagan said to him.

“Not often enough,” he said, looking at my quaking breasts with an unchaste grin on his face and an impressive bulge in his pants.

I didn't want to believe it, but the carnal look in his eyes had my pussy drooling in my panties.

“I'm sure I've never seen her in that one,” he said with an amorous exhale.

I was more aroused than I thought possible, and I looked at Meagan who motioned for me to turn around, which I did, presenting my quivering backside to him.

I looked over my shoulder, and I saw him obscenely running his hand up his inner thigh while focusing his attention on my taboo ass. I was suddenly eager to surrender to daddy and I sought approval from Meagan who freely motioned for me to pull up the hem of my dress.

I pulled my dress up high on my hips to show daddy my cute derriere adorned in my thin panties.

“Come sit next to your father,” he said, and I giddily plopped on the couch, melting in the embrace of his arms. He put one hand on my bare hip, caressing my young delicate skin, and his other hand cupped my tender breasts.

Daddy was feeling me up, and I was so excited that I pulled down the top of my dress and offered him my naked spheres.

He hurriedly kissed and sucked my tits, and I was overcome with carnal energy, sliding my hand between his legs and gratefully exploring the huge log in his pants. I couldn't believe how big and wonderful it felt, but I was feeling intimidated by its size. There seemed to be no way it could ever fit in my mouth.

I looked up at Meagan with carnal shyness, and I said, “Can you show me how to suck daddy's cock?”

“With pleasure,” she said rapturously.

Daddy was ravenously sucking one of my flushed nipples when he looked up to see Meagan coming over to join us, admiring her massive breasts straining against her t-shirt.

“Is that okay, daddy?” I said.

“Of course,” he said, leaning back and spreading his arms on the back of the couch.

Meagan knelt on the couch on the other side of daddy. “First we need to release his monster,” she said, working his pants open.

As soon as she opened daddy's pants, his dick sprung up at full attention. I was amazed at its size! It was even bigger than it felt, with a hefty crown and a stiff shaft. Not

wasting a moment, she pulled down his pants, exposing his generous balls that contained an incredible amount of sperm and an uncontrollable desire to spew it out.

With his pants at his knees, Meagan gripped the base of his impressively large erection and said, "Now, you just take him in your mouth, like this."

She lowered her mouth onto daddy's surging crown, and he sighed with a wild satisfaction as she took him deep. I was impressed to watch her mouth lewdly jounce up and down his huge hard-on, and daddy reached underneath her and fondled her great big breasts. After a few ecstatic sucks, she lifted off him and offered his delectable manhood to me.

"It's easy. Now you try," she said, holding it for me, and I went onto my hands and knees and the closer I got to his hardened tip, the bigger it appeared.

"But it's so big," I said with a trembling exhale. "I could never fit this in my mouth."

"Then lick it," daddy said lewdly. "Or kiss it, but whatever you do, please hurry. I've been waiting to feel your mouth on my cock for a long time."

All I could think about was that daddy wanted me to suck his cock, and I didn't want to disappoint him, so I started by kissing his swollen crown, my lips exploring his mighty cockhead.

I knew it was wrong, but I didn't stop because I knew my lips were where they should have been all along, and after lavishing daddy's sexy knob with kisses, I stuck out my tongue and ran it around the pulsing ridge where his cockhead met his shaft.

He moaned incessantly when my tongue brushed against his bulge just below his crown, and I directed my attention to that quivering vein, pressing my lips against it and painting up and down with my tongue.

The more I tasted of daddy's cock, the more of it I wanted, and soon I was opening my mouth and sliding my lips down his huge cockhead and swallowing up his erection. His size didn't bother me in the least. He was big, but I loved opening my mouth wide for him and fulfilling his carnal desire.

"Oh baby girl, you're so good at sucking my cock," he said with a libidinous whimper, and I bobbed up and down his length with a guttural frenzy that had me swallowing most of his big hard dick.

This is when I had learned just how much come daddy had built up, for he grunted wildly and spewed enormous shots of jizz into my little mouth. He bucked his hips with a relentless climax, and I proudly held his squirting crown in my mouth, letting his succulent come pool on my tongue and within my cheeks.

"That is so fucking hot!" Meagan said to my father. "Your little girl is swallowing your come."

I didn't know that I was supposed to swallow it, so I let daddy finish and then I took one big gulp of his sperm. It was a wonderful feeling, and I loved the taste.

“When can we do this again?” I said, giddily licking his raging member.

“In a few minutes, baby girl,” he said. “For now, you and your friend need to get naked for me.”

He found the T.V. remote and changed the channel to a music station that was playing pulsing dance music. Meagan eagerly stood and discarded her shirt and bra, displaying her exceptionally huge pair of tits. They were giant spheres with ripe points jutting from silky areolas that had daddy wild with excitement.

She started dancing to the beat of the music, wiggling her rump and shaking her big bare tits for him. She finished stripping for daddy, pulling down her jeans and kicking them off, leaving on only a slim pair of lacy bikini panties that she modeled for him by shaking her incredible hips while twirling in place.

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Dev & Bree are a married couple who create steamy lust-filled erotica. Dev is the writer while Bree is his editor, business manager, and muse. Together they build stories that invite you to experience the arousal of passionate men and women who surrender to their intense sexual desires.

Writing under the pseudonym Devin Brees, this naughty couple offers you their deepest fantasies that they use to heighten the eroticism in their own marriage.

Whether you read with your spouse, your lover, or all alone, Dev & Bree’s stories will enhance your sexual appetite.

Don’t miss a single publication, visit www.devinbrees.com where you’ll find a full list of their titles plus purchase links to your favorite online retailer. And while you’re there, visit their contact page and send them a note. They love to hear from their naughty fans.